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ECHOES



Class PS 3537

Book T 865 E 4

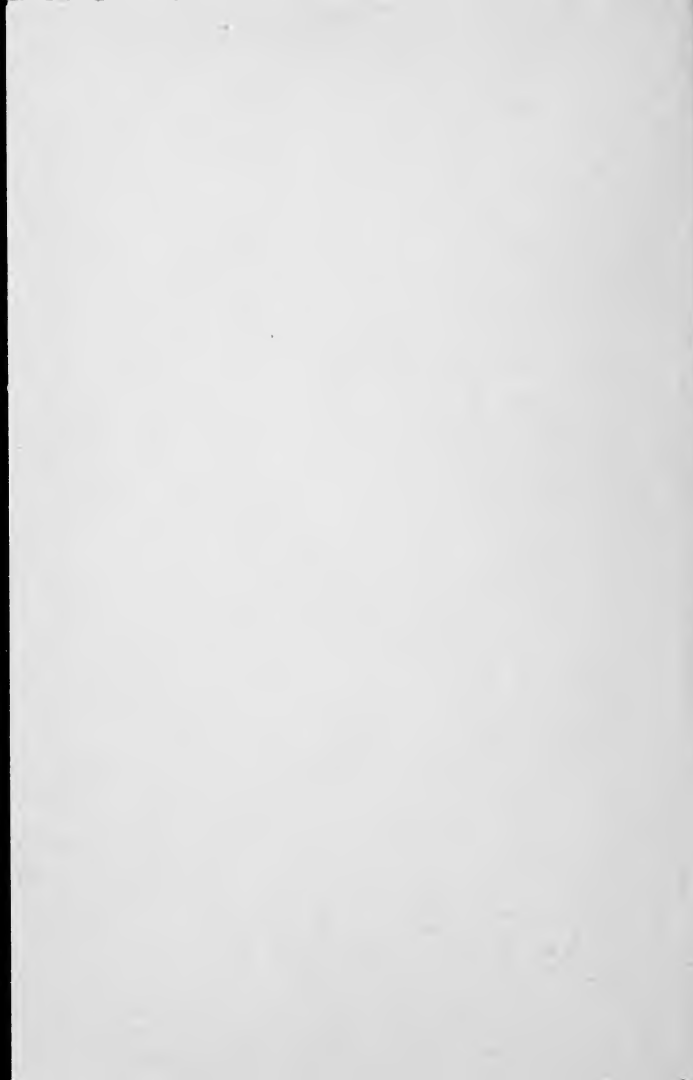
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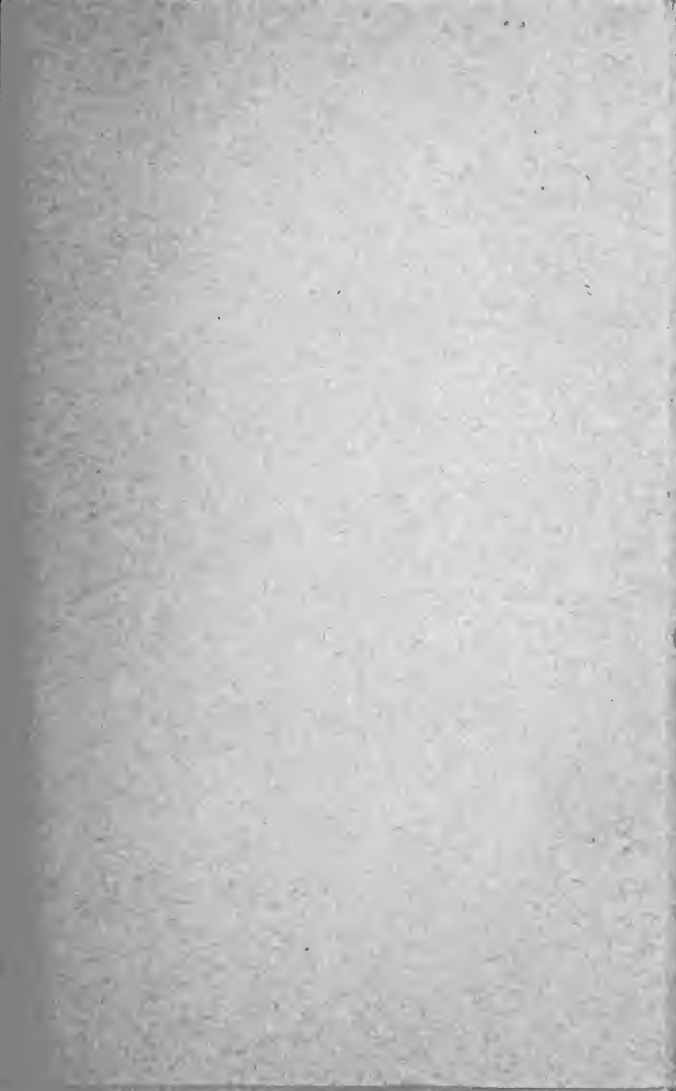
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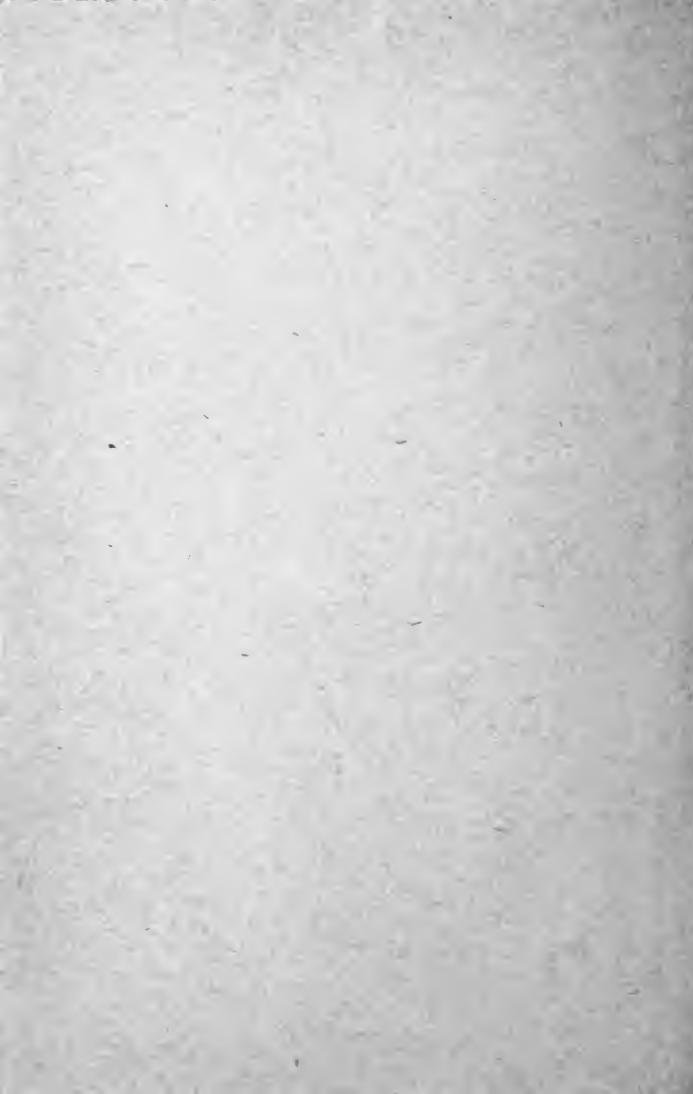


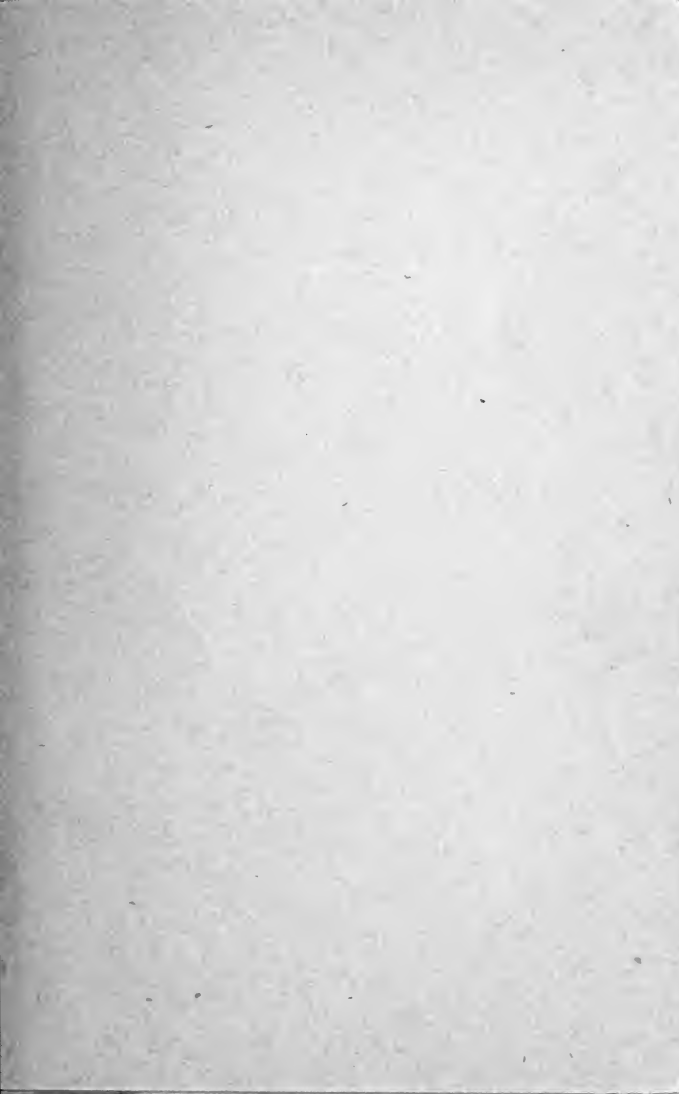






ECHOES







ECHOES

BY

FORBES STRONG

WITH

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

A. J. SCHMIDT.

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DEDICATION

TO MY MOTHER:—Affectionately
dedicated by The Author,

FORBES STRONG.







INTRODUCTION

This world is broad—too broad to span,
Its mysteries are too deep for man.
How dare one then presume to say,
Their views are but the only way?
But all can say, of creed or clan,
They're aiming for the Spirit lan'.

THE AUTHOR.







ECHOES

I

Oh! memory :—Thou art divine;
Amid the brain cells thou entwine,
Bitter or sweet, inscriptions deep
That seem to mock while victims weep.
What thought has chiseled on the brain
Thou calleth back in sad refrain.





II

There comes to me a name today
Of one whose form is silent clay;
And as my thoughts fly far through
 space
And with the unseen interlace,
I feel her presence come so near—
I listen with attentive ear
To give her life-like vision chance
To speak the words her bright eyes
 glance.

III

A mental picture oft doth bring
Sweet reminiscence on the wing
Of thought,—of loved ones gone from
sight:

Still fancy paints with strange delight
Such life-like scenes, we feel inclined
(’Tis no delusion of the mind)
To feel and touch the unseen hand
Of one who dwells in fairyland.





IV

What is it that controls the will;
That guides o'er distance; speeds o'er
hill;
O'er mountain, ocean; rivals light;—
Omniscient in its onward flight?
In myst'ry's realm infinite thought
Returns with vessels richly fraught;
And in that state of dreamland deep
I feel our loved ones vigil keep.
In revelation, lessons teach
To guide us,—yet in silent speech.
Oh! blessed state for scope to dream
And visions of our loved ones gleam.





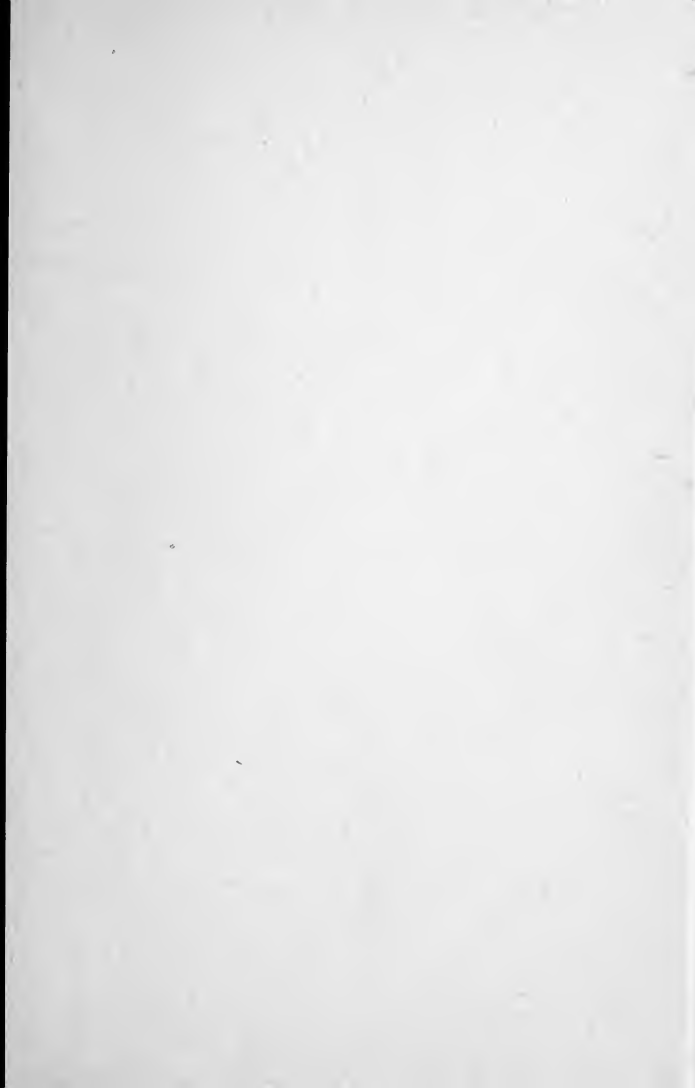
"One night a mighty presence came"

V

One night a mighty presence came
And breathed to me a sacred name.
“Come stroll with me a little way,
While slumb’ring here your form must
 stay,

And I will show you wisdom’s light
To guide you safely day and night.”—
We strolled on mossy banks beside
A running stream of crystal tide,
Short space, when up the mountain steep
She gained the top with single leap;
With magic touch she placed me there
And bade me stand with cautious care.





VI

“To step from off this mount,” she cries,
“Destruction at the bottom lies.”

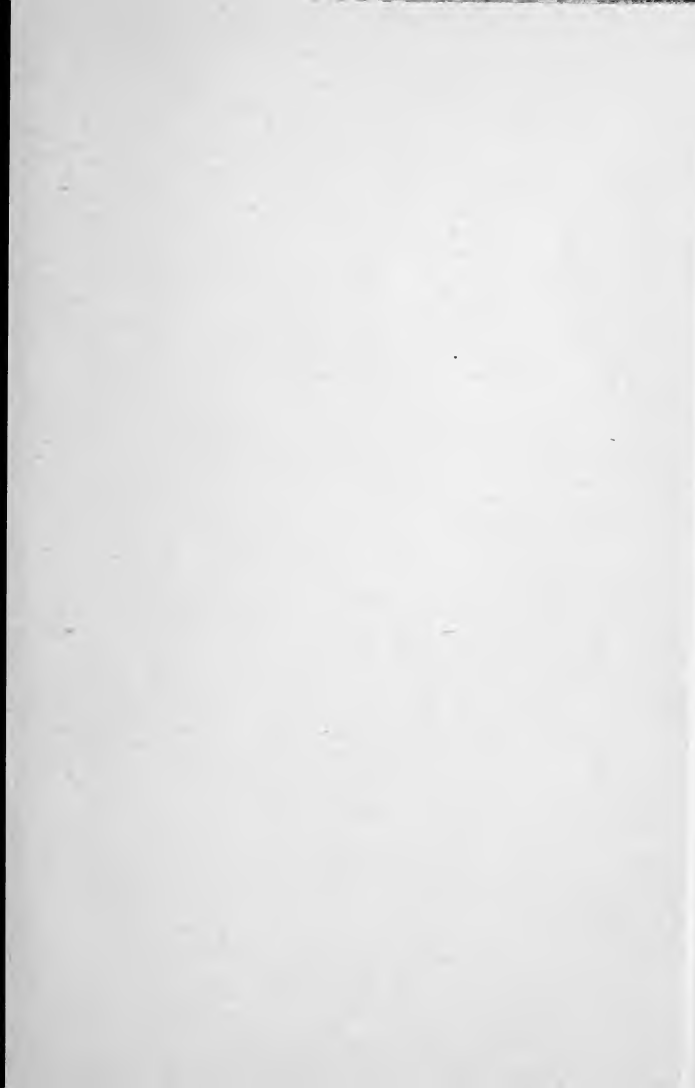
Then swift as thought, on—on she
sped;

Like frightened fawn from me she fled:
While on that mount I stood alone,
And dismal were the night winds blown
As if to send my feather weight
To safety's realm or hades' gate
Would only strengthen zephyr's pride;
Their interest lent on neither side.

VII

In some extremely mystic way
A rock, in mid-air, upward lay,
While wand'ring breezes kissed its face
Of stone, and rolled it on through space.
That's death! I thought, it doth not
 spare
E'en one, 'tis monarch of the air.
I gazed in silence far through space
When on a gilded hill I trace
My guide. With ease she climbed the
 height,
While from above shone rays of light.





VIII

A vision words cannot deride,
With head poised slightly on one side.
Symmetrical—her form and face
Would those of Venus proudly grace.
So gentle, yet with courtly mien,
Smilingly bowed that phantom queen.
While Angel hosts from every side
In kindness looked on with pride.



“ While Angel hosts from every side
In kindness looked on with pride.”



IX

She charged: "The mount on which
you stand

"Is earth's domain and dang'rous land.

"Keep at the top, if you descend

"No helping hand can mortals lend.

"If on your soul you make a mar,

"Your efforts must erase the scar.

"The Golden Rule is wisdom's light;

"Keep it well trimmed and plain in
sight.

"Steer from that deep abyss—vain
pride:

" 'Tis deep and high, 'tis long and wide.





IX (continued)

“That rock, called death, that floats
above

“Is but the touch of purest love.

“Nay! Nay! I cannot wait for thee;

“I only brought thee here to see

“The reed on which man leans is bent;

“Profit thereby, ’tis int’rest meant;

“And as the night gives place to morn,

“This visitation do not scorn

“And deem it but an idle dream,

“For dreams are oft not what they seem.

“Don’t trust to the propitious rule.

“Each casket must refine its jewel.”

X

A fog now rises wide and high;
In vain to sight my guide I try;
But cloudy mists o'erspread my sight,
Closing from view that golden light.
And as I wander home alone,
I marvel that I saw no throne;
Though gazing on angelic shore—
The distance an eternal lore—
No pearly gate, dividing line
Through sacrament of bread and wine.
But as the chrysalis, entranced,
Shades brilliant hues, so light enhanced:
Transparent as the buoyant air
Were deeds exposed to brazen glare.





XI


Suddenly, consciousness supreme
Shone clearly:—'twas a lucid dream;
But it awakened inner sight
To prize the worth of wisdom's light.
Mythical it seems to thee—
A revelation 'twas to me—
Grandly revealing Infinite law
Is self redemption; and I saw
No cross celestial disc to mar
Beyond the mist—"The Gate Ajar."

WHO MADE GOD?

Oh! what a mystifying thought
That God Himself to this world
brought:

What did He make Himself of, pray?
Surely it was of different clay
From that He used for Adam or Eve,
For into them He had to breathe.
Now, who for Him prepared the way?
The Christian folk, "the wind," would
say.

But this confuses us, you know—
What made the gentle zephyrs blow?







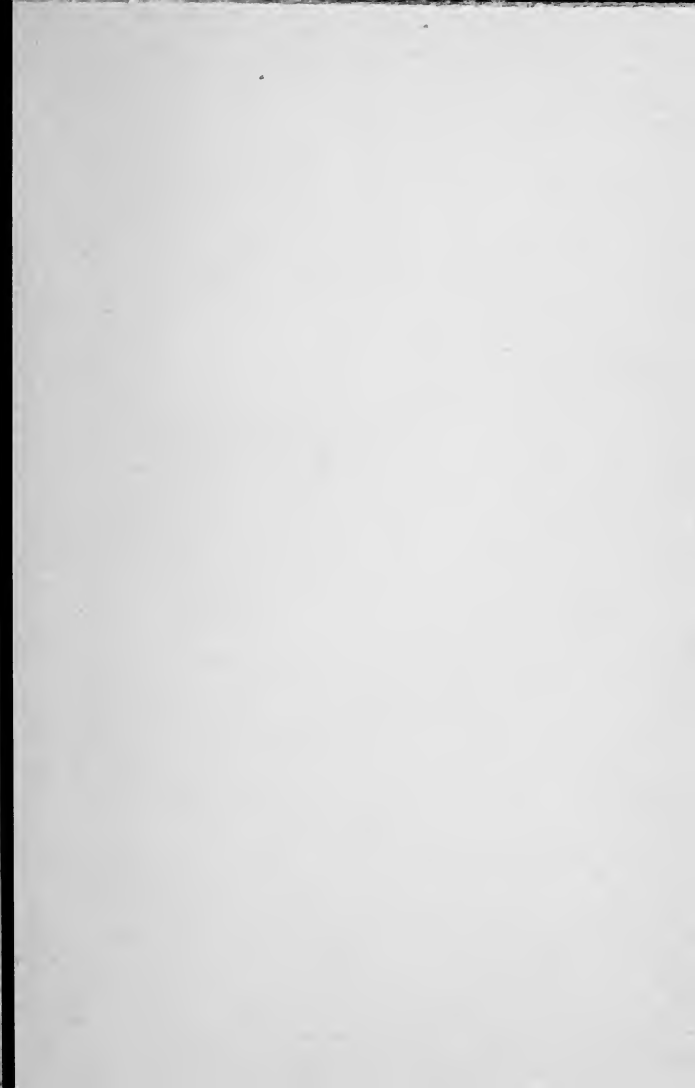
Just gaze upon the nothing plan,—
And from it came this perfect Man,
So full of wisdom, love and light,
He made the depth, the wondrous
height;

He made the sun and moon to shine;
He made the stars, all things divine;
He made the night, also the day;
He made the dashing, foaming spray.
And Scripture says, He made each
thing:

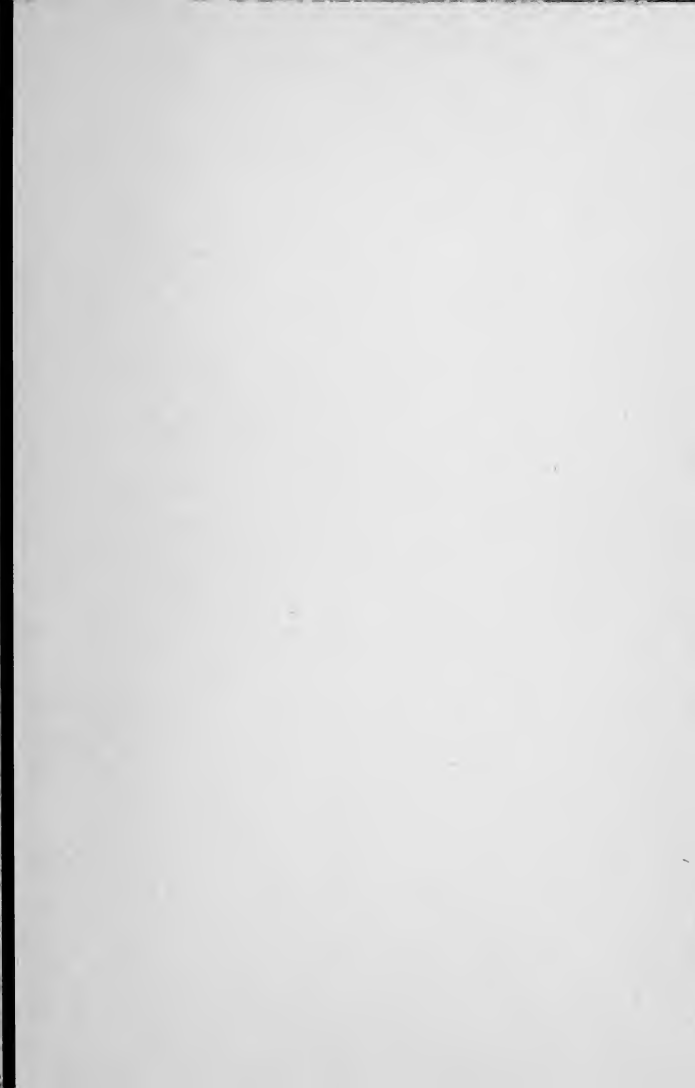
Now, what unto Himself could bring
The breath of life? The nothing plan
Could not produce the perfect Man.











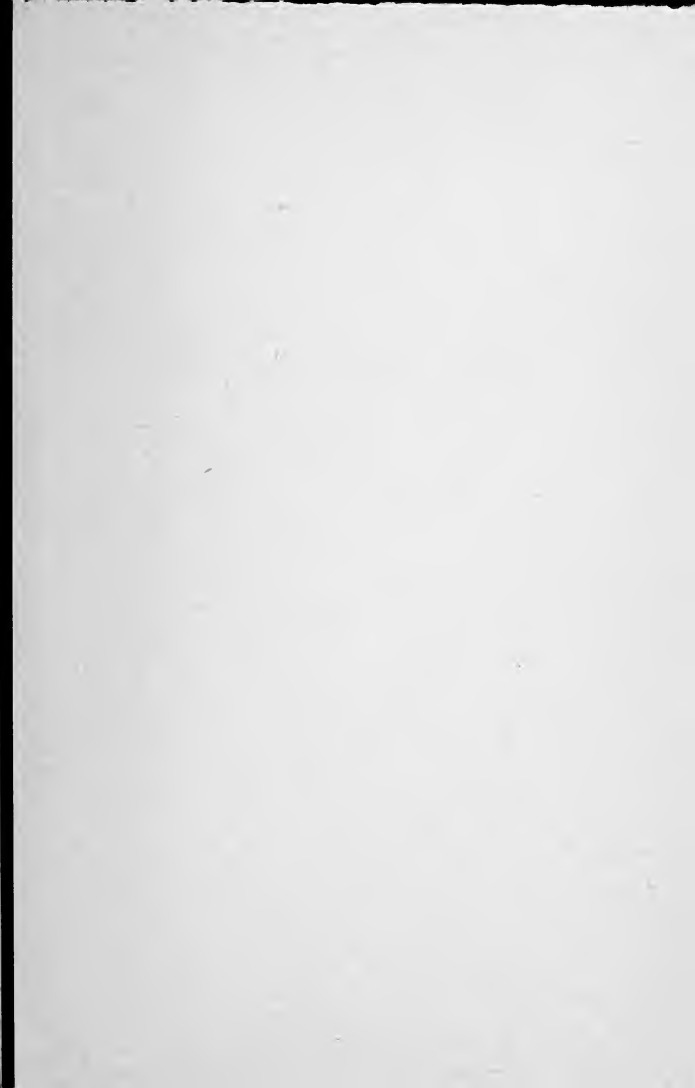












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